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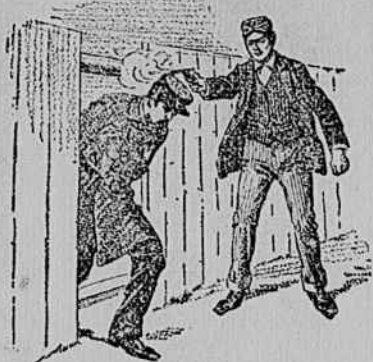
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THE TIMES,
Roanoke, Va.

volter clasped tightly in one of them, were on the wrong side of the fence. Harris saw my fix, and in the twinkling of an



INSPECTOR SCHACK DODGES A BULLET.

eye he turned, jumped for me, placed the muzzle of his revolver against my head, and fired. I ducked, but it seemed to me that I must have ducked after the flash. The ball cut a hole in my hair, but I escaped injury. I managed to free myself in another moment, but I no longer stood on my feet. I fell senseless. Harris cleared out the moment he saw that my hands were free. It was an hour before I gained consciousness. When I did come to finally, officers who had been attracted by the shooting had captured the burglar. There was a great bruise on my chest six inches in diameter. I had been struck a terrific blow, and it was that which caused me to lose consciousness, but from that day, 28 years ago, to this I have never known when I was hit or what hit me.

Officer Thomas J. Howard, who travels out of central station as a plain clothes man, had an experience with a French Canadian burglar named Le Montaigne some years ago which gave Howard the reputation for coolness and courage which he has since sustained in many another tight place. It was Labor day and Officer Howard was walking along Halsted street, near Boston avenue. There was a great crowd of people lining the street and the detective saw a man acting suspiciously in its midst. As soon as he got a good look at his face he recognized him as a notorious burglar who was badly wanted. Le Montaigne saw the officer and ran. Howard chased him into a yard in the rear of a house on Boston avenue. The Canadian pulled a revolver and shot point blank at the detective, but missed his aim. In an instant Howard had grabbed Le Montaigne, his right arm passing around the burglar's body and his left being actively engaged in preventing his antagonist from getting the muzzle of the revolver at his head. Howard had drawn his own weapon and held it fast in his right hand; but being compelled to exert his strength in holding the burglar, he could not bring the weapon into play. Le Montaigne fired three times at the officer while he was held in his embrace. Howard's face and left hand were powder burned, but in some way he succeeded each time in knocking the weapon aside just as the trigger was pulled and in escaping the leaden missiles by the breadth of a hair. As the fourth shot was fired Howard tripped his assailant and had him well in hand to secure him. It was just at this juncture that Officer Rafferty appeared, and seeing the gun in Le Montaigne's hand, he fired at him directly over Howard's shoulder, and the burglar died in the very grasp of the detective.

Ex-Inspector Edward Laughlin was for many years accounted the coolest and most courageous man, perhaps, on the police force of Chicago. He won fame for himself many years ago when he disarmed an insane Frenchman in the old Polk street depot. The Frenchman's name was Reume. He boarded a Chicago bound train at Kansas City, and after the Mississippi river had been passed he suddenly rose from his seat, drew two revolvers and drove all the passengers from the car. He was violent, and it was evident in a moment that the car was in the possession of a maniac. An attempt was made at a small station to side track the demented Frenchman, but as soon as an attempt was made to uncouple the car he fired at the brakeman who attempted to make the disconnection and drove him away. He held at bay officers who were summoned at one or two small stations, and it was finally decided to run into Chicago and to leave the matter of arresting the crazy man to the Chicago police. A telegram was sent ahead, and a detail of officers, under command of Lieutenant Laughlin, went to the depot to meet the incoming train. The engineer of the train began tooting his whistle shrilly as soon as he struck the city limits, and he kept up the blasts until he drew in at the depot, and then jumped from his cab and cleared out. The passengers were all in the rear coach, and as soon as the train stopped they scattered like sheep. The force of policemen separated, one-half of them passing on either side of the coach containing the armed maniac. As soon as he saw the first brass button he jumped to the platform and fired. Pullman Cornelius Barrett fell dead, with a bullet in his groin. Reume then jumped from the car and started for the street, keeping up a fusillade of shots. The alarm



INSPECTOR LAUGHLIN AND THE MADMAN.

had spread, and people were coming from all directions, though they made not haste to get away when they caught sight of the maddened Frenchman, his two big guns and his belt full of ammunition. Lieutenant Laughlin was in citizen's clothes. He pressed Reume closely. A negro porter, seeing Laughlin with a revolver in his hand, mistook him for the maniac and hurled a brick at his head. The lieutenant's skull was nearly cracked by the force of the blow, but he kept on after the demented Frenchman, who finally sought refuge in a corner and turned at bay. Laughlin walked straight up to him and took both his revolvers away and led the man out a prisoner.

"It was way back in 1873 that I had the closest shave for my life while in discharge of police duty," said Captain Charles G. Koch of the Harrison Street station. "One

of Uncle Sam's letter boxes saved my life that March night, but, as it was, dawn found me with a fractured skull, a broken arm and a smashed rib or two. I was travelling out of Deering Street station, and one night, when near the corner of Halsted and Thirty-seventh streets, I saw Officer Reinhardt struggling with two men in the middle of the sidewalk. I ran to his assistance and had grabbed one of his assailants, when four more men appeared and assaulted Reinhardt and myself. Somehow or other we got separated, and I had the greater part of the crowd on top of me. One of them had a big piece of scumming in his hand. He made a drive at my head with it, and I threw up my left arm to ward off the blow. The result was a broken bone and a useless arm. Three of the assailants were at my back and two in front. We fought from one sidewalk across the street to the other at a point directly under a lamp post.

"They took my club away from me, and when the opposite side of the street had been reached a blow fractured my skull and stretched me on the walk. I had been struggling all this time with my good arm to get hold of my revolver, but had been unable to free it from the pocket. The instant that I fell to the walk under the lamp post the man with the scumming raised it far back of him and aimed a terrific blow at my head. That would have finished me if the stick had ever struck the mark. The blow felled him a little, however, and the blow fell square on top of the letter box attached to the lamp post, and the iron was shattered in fragments. At that instant I succeeded in getting my revolver from my pocket, and the man who wielded the scumming never raised a piece of wood as big as a lead pencil again in this life. I shot him, and he fell in his tracks. Just as I fired one of my assail-



OFFICER HOWARD'S NARROW ESCAPE.

ants had thrown himself on top of me, with both knees on my chest and his hands on my throat. I shot him, and he rolled off and freed me. Reinhardt reappeared about this time, and the assailants ran. We both fired, and one of those running fell. When we came to figure up casualties, we had two dead men on our hands and one man shot in the leg. For my part, I was in bed for four months."

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Mrs. G. A. Connor, of Allegheny Spring, Montgomerie Co., Va., writes: "My daughter, aged 15 years, had a gaiter coming on her neck and it disfigured her very much. I am happy to say that it has disappeared after the use of one bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

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N. & W. Norfolk and Western
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November 8, 1896.

WESTBOUND LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY

5:45 a. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Bristol, intermediate stations and the South and West. Pullman sleepers to New Orleans and Memphis. Connects at Radford for Bluefield and Pocahontas.

4:25 p. m., the Chicago Express for Radford, Bluefield, Pocahontas, Kenova, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Columbus and Chicago. Pullman Buffet Sleeper Roanoke to Columbus. Also for Pulaski, Wytheville, Bristol, Knoxville, Chattanooga and intermediate points.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT ROANOKE.

From Norfolk 5:30 a. m.; 4:15 p. m.
From Hagerstown 5:30 a. m.; 4:10 p. m.
From Winston 1:15 p. m.
From Bristol and the West 1:35 p. m.; 11:10 p. m.

NORTH AND EASTBOUND, LEAVE ROANOKE DAILY.

1:50 p. m. for Petersburg, Richmond and Norfolk.

1:45 p. m. for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York.

11:30 p. m. for Richmond and Norfolk. Pullman sleepers Roanoke to Norfolk and Lynchburg to Richmond.

11:25 p. m. (Washington and Chattanooga limited) for Washington, Hagerstown, Philadelphia and New York. Pullman sleepers to Washington via Shenandoah Junction and Baltimore and Ohio railroad.

Durham Division—Leave Lynchburg (Union station) daily 4:00 p. m. for South Boston and Durham and intermediate stations.

Winston-Salem Division—Leave Roanoke (Union station) daily 2:00 p. m. and 8:00 a. m. daily, except Sunday (Campbell street station) for Rocky Mount, Martinsville, Winston-Salem and intermediate stations.

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CURRENT MISCELLANY.

In an article in The Century entitled "Our Fellow Citizen of the White House," Mr. C. C. Buel tells the following story of President Lincoln: "There have been no soldiers as guardians under the shadow of the great Ionic columns since the war, and even then, on one fierce winter night, the boy in blue who was on guard was not allowed to maintain professional decorum. Mr. Lincoln emerged from the front door, his lank figure bent over as he drew tightly across his shoulders the shawl which he employed for such protection; for he was on his way to the war department, at the west corner of the grounds, where in times of battle he was wont to get the midnight dispatches from the field. As the blast struck him he thought of the numbness of the pacing sentry, and turning to him said: 'Young man, you've got a cold job tonight. Step inside and stand guard there.'

"My orders keep me out here," the soldier replied.

"Yes," said the president, in his argumentative tone, "but your duty can be performed just as well inside as out here, and you'll oblige me by going in."

"I have been stationed outside," the soldier answered and resumed his beat.

"Hold on there!" said Mr. Lincoln, as he turned back again. "It occurs to me that I am commander in chief of the army, and I order you to go inside."

Kites will likely be used in future warfare for carrying such explosives as dynamite. For this purpose a series of seven kites, built on light bamboo frames, will be employed, and the explosives could be carried to an enormous distance and then automatically dropped by pulling a string.

Translations of the Bible have been made in almost every language. It exceeds all other works not only in its circulation, but in point of territory over which its circulation extends. During the present century the Bible societies of America and Europe have distributed over 230,000,000 copies.

SOME NARROW ESCAPES

Chicago Police Face Death In the Discharge of Duty.

THEY TELL OF CLOSE CALLS.

Inspector Schack dodged bullets—Captain Koch's life saved by a letter box. Inspector Laughlin's brave capture of a madman—Officer Howard's escape.

Police duty in Chicago is dangerous enough now, but patrol duty today is play to what it was a score of years ago in the tough districts. Many of the men who now hold responsible and authoritative positions in the department have had death's grip at their throats more than once, and many a patrolman, for whom promotion is yet in the future, has looked the same adversary square in the face.

Inspector Michael Schack has probably had as many narrow escapes as any member of the force, but for 28 years he has been puzzling over two things. One is how a burglar who placed a gun square against his head and fired managed to miss him, and the other is what it was that struck him in the breast and smashed him up badly while he was in pursuit of the same marauder.

"It was this way," said Inspector Schack. "I ran across three men about midnight down on North Water street unloading the proceeds of a burglary from a wagon. Two of them ran away on my approach; the other staid and offered fight. He shot at me, and I shot at him. Two bullets went by my head fairly close, and another one passed through my coat and made a purple mark along the skin. I finally got a grip on the fellow and recognized him as a much wanted burglar named George Harris. He broke away from me and ran through an alley to a stoneyard by the river, taking a crack at me with his gun as he went. I followed him and saw him pass through a hole in a fence which ran through the center of the stoneyard."

"While he was going through the fence I fired at him and then attempted to crawl through the hole after him. I was heavier than he was, and when half way through I stuck fast and could get neither forward nor back. Both my hands with the re-